

Nancy May Pins on the Blue Ribbon
BY BAYARD D. YORK



"A BLUE RIBBON GIRL IS LOYAL, FAITHFUL AND TRUE.
HELEN, WE WELCOME YOU."

Drawing by Alice C. Stidsen

NANCY MAY HAMMOND pinned on the last of the blue ribbons. "A Blue Ribbon Girl is loyal, faithful, and true," she repeated. "Helen—we welcome you."

Helen Linton, a dark-eyed girl who had moved into town in September, smiled almost shyly.

"I think this is all very wonderful," she murmured.

"And now," Nancy May cried; "—who's hungry?"

Judging from the rush to the Hammond dining room, everyone was hungry. But at the sight of the table they stopped in admiration. From the chandelier eight streamers of blue led down to the eight places at the table. In the center was a vase of blue and white asters. Mrs. Hammond's dinner set, etched in blue, completed the picture.

"Our song," Nancy May suggested—as the girls stood at their places.

To the tune of "Stars of the Summer

Night," they sang—

Ribbon of loyal blue,
We pledge our faith to you;
Guide us through dark and light
To keep our honor bright—

Loyal—
Loyal and ever true!

Bess Livermore remained standing as the others sat down.

"Girls," she said; "I never know when to keep still. Speeches sizzle within me—until I get on my feet. Then they only fizzle. But I do want to say this, right here at the first meeting of the Blue Ribbon Girls—we owe a lot to Nancy May and to Dot Barker for the work they've done. We want them to know how we feel about it."

Cries of approval came from all sides; and at that moment Nancy May felt as if everything was just about as fine as it could be. Then, as her happiness was at its height, she overheard a remark which sent a tremor of disquietude

through her mind.

"I understand," Ada Sheffield remarked; "that Miss Simonds has given out the parts for the school play."

Nancy May knew that it was time for the assigning of the parts. In fact, she had hoped to hear from Miss Simonds before this. The play was called "In Camp," and a rescue scene furnished a thrilling climax in which the heroine occupied the center of the stage. Nancy May had hoped—and rather expected—that she would be given the heroine's part.

She had not realized until now how much her heart was set upon it. She talked and laughed—and entered heartily into the discussion of plans for a tramp to Eagle Hill on the first pleasant Saturday; but her thoughts kept turning back to the school play.

She was still thinking about it as she walked to school the next morning. She was in the dressing room when Jennie Thayer ran in.

"I've just heard the strangest thing," Jennie cried. "It's about the leading part in the play."

Nancy May tried to smile.

"What?" she asked.

"It's been assigned," Jennie stated; "—to Helen Linton. And it belonged to you, Nancy May—it belonged to you."

"No," Nancy May replied; "it didn't 'belong' to me, Jennie."

But many times that day and during the days that followed a rebellious something in Nancy May's heart seemed trying to shout aloud that neither did the part belong to a new girl like Helen Linton.

She must bear no ill will to Helen; but it seemed as if the latter made the situation a little more difficult for Nancy May when she dropped in one evening and asked if Nancy May would undertake the task of selling the tickets.

Two pink spots appeared in Nancy May's cheeks as she murmured something about being busy.

On the following Saturday the girls started on their tramp to Eagle Hill. It was a beautiful day—cool, but with a suggestion of coming spring in the air. The "eagle's nest," a gaunt gray rock a little below the summit of the hill, was reached after a rather breath-taking climb.

Nancy May looked up the rough steep path that led on to the extreme top of the hill.

"What do you say," she challenged; "—let's race for it!"

Springing forward, she led the way. The distance was greater than it had appeared to be and the insecure footing made progress difficult.

Suddenly Nancy May heard a sharp cry behind her. She turned, and a low shriek of alarm escaped her lips. One of the girls had slipped and fallen—and was rolling down the steep hillside, apparently unconscious.

With her first startled glance Nancy May saw two things—the girl was Helen Linton and the spot where she had fallen was directly above an almost perpendicular drop of forty or fifty feet to the rocks below. She realized that she was too far away to prevent a grim tragedy; but she leaped downward in an attempt which, as she knew, was certain to be in vain.

But the other girls were nearer. There was a breathless moment in which, possibly, Helen's life hung in the balance—then tall athletic Bess Livermore came just in time. She caught the limp figure just before it reached the edge of the perilous spot and pulled the body back.

The girls gathered round, silently following Bess's directions until two small spots of color began to show in Helen's white cheeks.

"She must have stepped on a rolling stone," Nancy May remarked.

"It was rather strange—the way it happened," Jennie responded. "I was right in back of her. I think she didn't step on a stone or anything like that—she just seemed to suddenly collapse, as if she had fainted or something."

"She's been working altogether too hard," Bess said, a little sternly. "I noticed this morning that she was pale and nervous. With the work that she's been doing in the play and the selling of the tickets and everything she's been just about killing herself."

"Somebody else ought to be looking after the tickets," Ada said.

"I heard Helen say," Bess stated; "that she had asked several girls to do it—and they all declined. She didn't urge them, I imagine, because she's felt afraid there would be some jealousy because she had been given the leading part."

Helen had opened her eyes.

"It was silly of me—to make all this commotion," she murmured.

The girls were almost back to town, walking slowly in step with Helen, when Jennie turned to Nancy May with a slight exclamation.

"You've lost your Blue Ribbon," she cried.

Nancy May's eyes were on the distant landscape.

"No," she said, in a rather low tone; "—I haven't lost it."

Back in her room, she took the little bow of blue from her pocket and placed it carefully in the little box where she kept her choicest ornaments.

"I am not worthy to wear it," she told herself. "For it says 'loyal—loyal and ever true'—and I haven't been loyal, I haven't been loyal a bit."

She dropped into a chair; and for a long time she sat perfectly still. Then, with the air of one who has made a decision, she sprang up and put on her hat and coat—and went to see Helen Linton.

The people who were interested in the giving of the school play agreed that "In Camp" proved to be a tremendous success. They gave two leading reasons for this: the first, and, as they agreed, the chief reason for the success of the performance was the remarkably good playing done by Helen Linton as the heroine. The other reason, secondary but of some importance, was the presence of a large and very enthusiastic audience.

As the last of the lights in the auditorium flashed out, two girls stood for a minute at the foot of the stone steps outside the building. Impulsively Helen threw her arms around Nancy May's neck.

"Every bit of the credit belongs to you," she cried. "It wasn't just your selling the tickets and doing all that clever advertising—though all that helped wonderfully. But if you hadn't just pitched right in and helped me in a hundred other ways I would never have been able to take my part at all—I would have been sick in bed instead. I stood up and spoke the lines; but it was your spirit, Nancy May, that was up there on the stage tonight—and I'm going to tell everybody just that."

"No," Nancy May said slowly; "don't say anything about it, please. I don't know whether I did help as much as you think or not—but if I did, or if it seems that way to you, I want that to be just between you and me. And of course it really was your fine work that made everything go off so nicely."

She walked slowly home—and up to her room. From the box she took her little Blue Ribbon and pinned it again upon her dress.

"A Blue Ribbon Girl is loyal, faithful, and true," she whispered.

Kindness

BY MAE NORTON MORRIS

IF everybody in the world,
Would try just to be kind—
'Twould be the happiest, nicest place
That you and I could find.

But you are ONE, and I am ONE
And that you see makes TWO—
So let's be kind together,
And see what that will do.

Telltales

BY MARJORIE DILLON

IF you want to keep a secret,
It will never, never do
To tell the fish; they carry tails,
And the brooklet babbles, too.

Those Inquisitive Quigley Twins

2. Goslings

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR

REN'T we lucky it's Saturday," chuckled Betty, the minute she came down stairs that spring morning.

"Um-um, and let's not spend it in the house, either," spoke up her twin Billy, who was standing in the doorway sniffing the breeze that came drifting over the lawn. "Just smell things growing." "I wonder if we couldn't find some goslings, if we went looking for them," said their mother, as she came in with the toast and jam and eggs.

"Why, I suppose they're hatched out," said their father, who came in just then. "Perhaps some of the farmers around will have some to sell. But why this sudden interest in young geese, Elizabeth?"

"I guess you're the gosling yourself Will," laughed Mother. "Just wait till you see them, if we find any. You will be surprised. Now, kiddies, we'll just have to find our goslings, won't we?"

"Yes, yes, to surprise Daddy."

"Where do we go, and when, and how?"

"Oh, most anywhere, where we can find a nice, sunny, rolling hill-top. And in the car, of course. And just as soon as breakfast is over, and dishes done, and some sandwiches packed."

"Goody, goody, a picnicker party," chortled Billy, just as happy as though it was the very first one he had ever been invited to. But perhaps it was because he had been to several already in his young life that he was anxious for this one,—he knew just what scads of fun a picnic always is.

"Better make a day of it, and I'll lunch down town," spoke up their father.

So, in less than two hours, the twins and their mother were on their way. The top was down, that they might enjoy the sun on their backs and the fresh, sweet, rainy-smelling breeze on their faces. Even the car chuckled along, as if happy to be starting off on a picnic.

Now mother was a good driver, one that never goes too fast for folks to see things along the way. So, they weren't many miles out of town when she began edging the car over to the side of the road, getting ready to stop it.

"There's our goslings," she nodded, with a sidewise flick of her head toward the field on her side of the road.

The children were all eyes. Yet not a goose could they see, big or little. Yet, they followed their mother, through the fence and into the field.

"See!" She stooped over to pick up something, which she held up to them. "Here's our first gosling."

"Why, it's a flower!"

"But a well-named one, don't you think? Many people call it Wild Crocus, some name it the Easter Flower, and others the Pasque Flower. Pasque being the old French word for Easter."

"Gosling is a fine name—it's so fuzzy," laughed Billy, rubbing the blossom he had gathered against his cheek.

The fuzz ornamented the whole plant, from the single low stem that came up from the ground to the upstanding vase of whitish green that topped the stalk. The pale purple points within the vase were also downy, even the yellow center of the flower looked fluffy and curly.

"Did you know that the Pasque Flower is one of the state flowers?" their mother asked them as they were gathering their bouquets.

"No, which state?"

"Well, it is fond of sunny hillsides, in open places, so which state do you suppose chose it?" And when the children couldn't guess, their mother laughed at them,—"Why, South Dakota, to be sure!"

Billy observed that the flowers still in the bud nestled down closely in their green furry collars, while those opened were perched a little way above their vase holders, on thick, fuzzy stems.

"We'll just take some of the buds home, and put them in water. They'll surprise you," said mother.

The children did have a surprise, too, for they discovered that the stems of the buds kept right on growing, until when the flowers opened they were perched atop their vases.

Of course, when Father spied their "goslings" that evening, he laughed and said he was the goose, all right.

"What do these goslings look like when they're grown up geese?" wondered Betty, sniffing the delicately scented bouquet that ornamented the supper table.

"You'll see," mother told her. Betty did, too, about a month later, in that same pasture. For then instead of blossoms the flower stalks waved long, silky plumes,—the tails of the seeds ripening there.

"Well, the geese are all necks," Billy said of them, though Betty thought the downy plumes almost as pretty as the fuzzy blossoms had been.

The Old-Fashioned Boy That Took Care

BY EDNA S. KNAPP

ELNATHAN was the "father boy" who took care of things and helped his widowed mother all he could. Most likely he would rather play than work sometimes; but he *did* help and Mrs. Johnson could depend on him. It was Elnathan who fed the hens and saw to it that Obadiah fed Porko, the pig, and that Johnathan Josiah weeded the garden. It was Elnathan, too, that oftenest stopped to thread the hundreds of empty needles in his mother's cushions.

Mrs. Johnson had to sew braid all her spare time. She sat in her creaking little wooden rocker and sewed and sewed and sewed, making endless scuttle-shaped bonnets. She had one hundred and fifty No. 1 needles in a faded green cushion and a second hundred and fifty in a brocaded red cushion. Elnathan

would often thread the whole three hundred one after another. By the time he had threaded them all, one cushion would hold empty needles again.

Please don't think for an instant that Elnathan was *always* perfect. Because he was the oldest child at home, his mother had been obliged to ask him to do all sorts of "girl" things, at times. Miss Seliny Toothacher, his Sunday-School teacher, liked to tell of the day she found five-year-old Elnathan sitting piously on his little stool by his mother's knee, sewing the last quarter of a long sheet. The neighbors always smiled when they heard the story. "I'll give you a good hard whipping if you don't finish oversewing that sheet before you go out to play this afternoon," his tired mother had remarked just before Miss Seliny arrived.

But now Elnathan was the boy that took care of everything and all the neighbor lads liked him, too. One spring day Abiathar Brainerd came down the lane, carrying under his arm a wee black rooster with only half a tail.

"The hawks have got every last one of my Banties but Goliar here," remarked Abiathar. "He's lonesome somehow, and he fights everything in the barn-yard. Sister's monkey pulled out his tail feathers but this plucky chap tried to fight the hawk. I saw him." As he spoke, Abiathar put the rooster down. "Can you take care of him for me, Elnathan?" asked Abiathar wistfully.

"'Course I can. I like to take care of things," was the cheerful reply.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-ooo-ooo!" shrieked a strident voice behind them. Elnathan jumped and Mrs. Johnson stuck a surprised face out of the kitchen window. "Cock-a-doodle-doo-ooo-ooooo!" came the loud call once more. Then the Johnson children, Obadiah, Johnathan, Josiah, Statira and Deborah Ann, all laughed

and Mrs. Johnson laughed too. It was wee "Goliar" up on the gatepost that was making all this noise. (The children must have meant Goliath, but they all said "Goliar," so I will spell it that way.)

Then Goliar flew down from the gatepost and Grimalkin, the barn cat, sprang at him. Like a flash, the little rooster side-stepped, and jumped directly on top of the cat and sank his tiny spurs in her fur. "Miaow!" yelled Grimalkin and the fight was on. Elnathan had to pick Goliar by main force off Grimalkin. "You little idjit," he said to the rooster. "You think you're a sloop of war when you're only a row-boat!"

It was a steady job as guardian of Goliar. When Rover, the Brainerd puppy, came over for a social call, Goliar flew in his face. The astonished dog surveyed the small aggressor and walked off with dignity. Goliar next turned his attention to the Johnson flock of English Grays, led by William Pitt, a year-old cock. When Elnathan threw out corn and William Pitt went "Cluckety-cluck" to assemble his harem, Goliar would jump right onto William Pitt's back, spur him and drive the gray rooster away. The Bantam would take his fill of corn, then stroll away. After that, the rest might eat.

"Some of these days, you'll get your come-uppance," warned Elnathan sorrowfully. "William Pitt isn't going to be bossed by you forever!"

Goliar refused to take heed. He continued to fight everything that came his way. What mattered it if William Pitt was six times his size? He could drive William Pitt; he could drive anything. He knew that he could. And he did until one day in the late fall. Then William Pitt leaped at him and thrust one long, sharp spur through the impertinent head! "That's the end of Goliar," mourned Elnathan, as he picked up the limp feather bunch. "I tried to take care of him but *how's* a fellow going to take care of a fool rooster that won't let you do it?"

Cut-Outs

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

WHEN Daddy takes his shiny shears And sheets of paper spotless white,

We stop our play; we dry all tears;
We cluster 'round him with delight

For from the magic paper grows,
As carefully the keen blades run,
Perhaps a fox with pointed nose;
Perhaps a soldier with a gun;

Again, a deer with branching horns;
A row of children, hand in hand;
Whales, elephants and unicorns,
And clowns and elves and lions grand,

Each figure better than the rest;
We laugh with glee as each appears:
Of all our playtimes, we like best
When Daddy takes his shiny shears.



AN OLD FASHIONED HAIR-CUT



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CANTON STREET,
NORTH EASTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I have received my Beacon Club pin and am very much pleased with it. I have shown the other members of my class the letter I received and have asked them to write.

The month of February was devoted to the Young People, in our church. On the 3rd, the sermon was on "Success"; on the 10th Rev. A. E. Wilson, of Braintree, preached; on the 17th the sermon was on "Keeping the Vision", and on the 24th Mr. Kenneth MacDougall talked on "Young People".

We have been trying to raise enough money in the Guild to send four of our members to Star Island next summer. Last year two of our members went and they told us of the wonderful times they had while there.

I would like to correspond with some of the Beacon Club members.

Sincerely yours,
GERTRUDE DEEG.

59 DUNSTER ROAD,
JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I should like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. It was only a month ago that I knew there was any Beacon. I lived in Mattapan and in the church

there they had no Beacon. I now go to the First Congregational Society of the Unitarian Demonstration Church in Jamaica Plain. I go to the Seegar School and I am in the sixth class.

Best wishes for the growth of the Club for many years to come.

I am, sincerely,
RICHARD WESTALL GOULD.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church in Kennebunk and get *The Beacon* every Sunday. My teacher's name is Mrs. Wallace and she wanted us all to write to you. I am eleven years old and in the fifth grade in school. My home is near the summer resorts, Kennebunk Beach and Kennebunkport, and in the summer we have many visitors.

I would like to have some of the members of the Club write to me.

Lovingly yours,
ELOUISE TRIPP.

Other new members of our Club in Massachusetts are Gilbert Sayward, Brookline; Phyllis Hilner, Clinton; Ethel Caes, Dorchester; Eleanor Peirce, Fall River; Annabelle and Isabelle Littleton, Hingham Centre; Henry C. Sturtevant, Kingston; Annie and Bertha Allen, New Bedford; Mildred Elizabeth Tripp, Plymouth; Mildred Burns, Geraldine Cooley and Beverly Ottaway, Somerville; Virginia Walker, West Bridgewater; Helen Merry, West Somerville.

Spare Time

BY J. ELMER RUSSELL

EVERY boy when school is over and when he has done the various tasks which fall to his lot about the home has a good deal of spare time on his hands. Naturally he will wish to give a part of this spare time to baseball in summer and to skating and basket ball in winter. But the boys who are likely to make good when they become men are the boys who are using their spare time for self-training.

Go into the home of one boy upon a visit and you are very sure to hear him practicing on his saxophone. In another home you are invited to the attic where the boy of the family has set up his own wireless set, and where he spends most of his time picking up stations as far separated as Los Angeles and Havana. Still another boy is a naturalist. He is making a collection of butterflies. In his spare time he has tramped over the hills and through the woods until he knows every wild flower and every bird note. Still another boy has a flock of chickens which he takes care of, and which he makes earn a liberal amount of spending money besides what he gives to several good causes and what he saves.

In his spare hours a boy can learn to read French and Spanish. He can build up a little chemical laboratory of his own where he performs all sorts of interesting experiments. Or his spare time may be given to his tool shop, where he makes bookcases and chairs, and, in fact, almost anything which can be made of wood.

These boys who are accomplishing so much do not have any more time than others. They have to live on twenty-four hours a day. They do not buy or borrow any extra time from boys who have time hanging on their hands. By wise planning the boys who are achieving great things now, and who are to be leaders of tomorrow, are learning to get large results out of the spare time which many other boys allow to go to waste.

The New Colorado Tunnel

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK

IN 1926 the famous Moffat Tunnel, which will pierce the Continental Divide in Colorado, will be opened, thus shortening the route between Denver and Salt Lake City by 173 miles. At present, the trains climb by a circuitous route to a height of 10,000 feet at this point. All this will be eliminated.

Automobiles can be transported through this tunnel, enabling people to travel with ease during the winter months. The elevation is 9,100 feet, instead of 11,330 feet at the Berthoud Pass, as at present.

The Moffat Tunnel will be the fifth largest transportation tunnel in the world and the longest in America, six miles in length; it will be drilled through solid granite at a cost of almost seven million dollars.

A Victory Highway is now proposed, leading from Wilmington, Delaware, through Washington, D. C., Wheeling, West Virginia, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver. By means of the new Moffat Tunnel, motorists can go to Salt Lake City, Reno, Nevada and San Francisco.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LII

My 5, 6, 4, 9, is part of a house.
My 13, 14, 8, is a lady of the Bible.
My 17, 11, 10, 1, 2, is part of the mouth.
My 7, 3, 15, 16, is part of a fishing pole.
My 12, 13, 3, is what you do with your eyes.
My whole is a president.

RICHARD PERCIVAL.

ENIGMA LIII

I am composed of 12 letters and am the name of a game.

My 4, 11, 12, 1, 5, 7, is something you write after Christmas.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, is a piece of furniture.

My 9, 10, 5, 11, 7, is an adjective.

My 6, 8, 1, is a kind of bed.

MILDRED FRANK
and
ELEANOR FOOTE.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

Two brothers (two capes in Va.) and their sisters (cape in N. J.) (cape in Mass.) went on a picnic to the (Lake in northern Minn.) (cape in N. J.) wore a (river in Louisiana) dress and (cape in Mass.) had on her (river in Arkansas) dress and her ring with the (river in Montana).

They carried for their lunch a (islands in the Pacific) made of (a country in Asia); and a (capital of Kentucky), an (river in South Africa) apiece and also a bottle of (river in Montana) to drink.

While they were eating their lunch on a (capital of Arkansas), they saw a (river in Idaho) in the grass, which (cape in Va.) beat until it was (sea in Asia). It began to grow (country in South America) so they decided to say (Cape in Greenland) to the (lake in Minn.). They all voted that they had had a (city in France) time.

RICHARD PERCIVAL.

TRANSPOSITIONS

(Transpose the letters in the word used to fill the first space to make the word to fill the second space.)

1. I don't believe was much.
2. He had a from a scratch from a thorn on that
3. That flower blowing had only one on it.
4. He entered the with a smile on his
5. He found of that

RICHARD PERCIVAL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 25

ENIGMA XLVIII.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ENIGMA XLIX.—Apple Pie.

WORD SQUARES.—1. WORD 2. CONE
OBOE OVEN
ROME NEED
DEEP FNDS

FOUR-LETTER, HYDRA-HEADED WORDS.—1. Miss, kiss, hiss. 2. Rook, nook, book. 3. Rage, cage, sage. 4. Dick, sick, tick.

TWISTED ANIMALS.—1. Monkey. 2. Buffalo. 3. Panther. 4. Leopard. 5. Kangaroo. 6. Moose. 7. Elephant. 8. Porcupine. 9. Antelope. 10. Donkey. 11. Skunk. 12. Lynx.

Thanks, our sincere thanks, to those friendly readers who have so kindly responded to our appeal for contributions for this Corner.

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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